

CAPT. QUINTON, GREAT ADVENTURER, TELLS OF TERRIBLE FIGHT WITH MAN-EATERS

*In the First of the Stories of His Thrilling Experiences
Up and Down the Roaring Pacific, the Famous
Sailor-of-Fortune Relates a Tale of Ex-
citement and Horror.*

Editor's Note—This unique adventure of Capt. Quinton happened on the Raymangal river, in India, "where crocodile is king." His party from the ship had gone up the river with two Hindu guides, Cassim and Groolah Khan, in a small motor boat. They had just witnessed a terrific fight between a tiger and a crocodile, in which the crocodile was victorious, and had seen a wild boar kill another tiger on the river bank. The story is printed by special permission of "The Christian Herald," publisher of "The Strange Adventures of Captain Quinton."

BY CAPT. ROBERT QUINTON

It was now late in the day, and we made all speed to return to our headquarters. We had got about halfway when all of a sudden a whole family of wild pigs plunged pell-mell into the stream on our left and began swimming for the opposite side in great haste to escape pursuing crocodiles—which prefer pork to all other food.

They were nearly abreast of our launch when one of the smallest pigs gave a pitiful little squeal and disappeared from view. Two of the ubiquitous crocodiles had evidently seized it.

Fearing that if we shot one of the pigs it would sink and be lost, we ran close to them, and Cassim dexterously seized one by the hind legs and hauled it on board just as the ugly head of a crocodile emerged from the water and the huge jaws

snapped together like a steel trap within a foot of the squealing pig. Korovin fired with the muzzle of his revolver almost touching the monster's jaws, and blew off the top of his nose, while some one else shot him in the side.

The next moment we were deluged with spray from the monster's tail, as it struck the water with a force that would have stove a hole in the launch had we not been going fast enough to avoid it.

Now the squealing of the pig attracted crocodiles from every direction. They started pursuing the launch in the same way they had been pursuing the pigs.

"Look out for their tails," cried the two Hindus together. "They are liable to sweep us and knock some one overboard."

They had scarcely more than spoken when an unusually large one raised his head and rested it upon our gunwale, then opened his jaws to the fullest extent and snapped savagely at the nearest man within his reach. But we blew most of his head to pieces with rifle shots and saved the man he would have hauled overboard in a twinkling.

One man was resting his rifle on the gunwale in the act of aiming at a crocodile a few feet away, when another of the brutes suddenly raised his head close alongside and, seizing the rifle with his teeth, jerked it overboard, very nearly carrying the owner along with it.

The brutes now seemed to have lost all fear of firearms, although the wounded were violently plunging and